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AP Lang & Comp.

11 March 2012

Compare & Contrast Essay

Emotions help define who you are. If you act cheerful, you are describes as joyous and optimistic, if you act sinical and gloomy, you may have a reputation of being pessimistic. Your actions are dependent on your feelings. If you are passionate about something, for an example, dance, you can spend hours on end watching a ballet, and listening to music choreographing in your head. If you are hateful towards something, your mind can turn twisted and imagine terrible fates for the one you hate. A person usually promotes general well being with their passion. I, for example teach young kids ballet, tap, and tumbling because dance is my passion and it brings great joy to me when I see other kids loving dance as much I as do. Hate, on the other hand, promotes danger and hostility. One may bring pain and death to a subject they hate, like the Columbine murders, the shooters were full of hate towards the students and wanted to being ultimate suffering to those who they loathed. Passion and hate may be similar because they are both emotions, but they are very different when someone lets them affect their actions.

Passion and hate may be opposites. Your passion fills you with content-ness and interest. Your hate fills you with obsession and loathing, it breeds inside you and consumes you. Hatred is contagious, where passion is personal. Your passion is part of who you are. My passion is dance, it defines me: I am a dancer. I dance 6 days a week, I teach ballet, I live for the small enjoyment I get when I accomplish a difficult step. Hatred, on the other hand can be spread like a virus. Nazi Germany is a perfect example of contagious hatred. Hilter hated the minorities and he spread his hate and caused the biggest genocide the world has ever known. Hate grows and eventually becomes a black hole where you lose yourself and your true self may never be found again.   
Passion you have deep feeling towards something, you may love it, you may make it you're hobby, you may make your whole life surround your passion. Hate, can also be a deep feeling. It can be deeper than any pit known to man, it can be surrounding, and consuming. Both of these emotions smother you in so much feeling, you can lose rationalization and level-headness. I lose myself to my dancing sometimes and dance on pointe until my toes turn white and bruised, I stop thinking about time and where I need to be and what I need to be doing because I am dancing. Nothing matter more in the world than when I’m alone in the studio working on my solo. I have found myself lost in my dancing many times, but I have only found myself lost in hatred very few times. You may lose yourself to these emotions, for they both have a strong grasp over someone.  
 Hate is hard to put into words. Any emotion is. Every human in the world has felt hate, love, passion, sadness, and happiness. Love and hate are so difficult to define because they are emotions that are thrown arounf a lot by society. When a child says to their mother “I hate you”, because they didn’t get the new Barbie they wanted, they don’t truly comprehend the meaning of hate. When asked to define hate, I stopped and thought, when have I truly felt hatred, and what did it feel like? It's a bursting feeling of loathing that creates an overwhelming feeling of hostility. I have only felt hatred a few times in my life span, once while I was at a counter protest for the West Burrow Baptist Church, and another when someone tried to justify the repeal of gay marriage. My blood boils when one dehumanizes or belittles another just for being themselves, maybe that makes equal rights another one of my passions. Because I hate people who have no respect for equality, fighting for equality may be a smaller passion of mine next to dancing. Seeing those people from WBBC, holding signs and degrading people by public humiliation, hearing the names they yelled at the gays, jews, etc., seeing a 8year old boy holding a sign that read “GOD HATES FAGS” on his birthday, all those things made me full of disgust, shame, fury, hate. I needed to counteract those people who turned my religion against the people I fought for. Those people made my hand clench and my muscles tight when they “spoke for God”. I grew up learning God loves everyone, no matter race, no matter sexual orientation, age, socio-economic status, background, no matter what. And when those neo-nazi West Burrow Baptist members tyied to speak for the God I had understand to be forgiving and loving, when they tried to turn God into a hateful, punishing, judgmental dictator, something in me snapped. I felt more hate inside me than I had ever before. I chose to turn my hate into a passion, I chose to fight against those who dehumanize others and degrade others. When I fight for people who dont have a voice, who are tormented and ridiculed, for people who don't have the same opportunities as I, I feel empowered and strong. I want to crush the hate of others with my want for equality. My passion that defines my daily life is dancing, but my hate for injustice created another passion for me: equality.  
 Both emotions are strong and smothering. They both make blood rush to the head and cause un-levelheaded decisions. Maybe they can go hand in hand, because you can hate something so much you make it your passion. Both hate and passion define who you are, because those two emotions motivate your actions in your life. Hitlers hate murdered millions of innocent people, it was his passion, it was his drive in life, he wanted power and control and he let his hatred consume him. Jane Goodalls passion for animals has had a significant mark on nature and she has done everything in her power to help the endangered animals in need. Both of these are examples of how one can turn their hate or passion into their lifestyles. They both cause blood to rush, they both are extreme, and they both make people choose the paths of life their going to take. But, it's up to one to decide if hate or passion is going to consume them. I choose my passion, I choose dance, I choose what makes me smile, rather than to choose the hatred that fills me when I see injustice. What one chooses defines the rest of their lives, whether you make hate or passion your driving force.